

Surrounded by Death.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/41940843) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41940843>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Dream SMP , Minecraft (Video Game) , DreamSMP , Video Blogging RPF
Characters:	Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson Philza
Additional Tags:	zombie apocalypse AU , Infected!Wilbur , TW: Blood , tw: injury , tw: death , Zombies , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , Protective Wilbur Soot , Twins Wilbur Soot & Technoblade , Mentioned TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Mentioned Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur was bitten by a zombie , This story is a canon prequel short-story to My Brother's Keeper , I made this to celebrate my main story's first anniversary , Angst and Tragedy , Absent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot is Not Okay , Did I tag this correctly?
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of My Brother's Keeper AU Stories
Stats:	Published: 2022-09-25 Words: 1,459 Chapters: 1/1

Surrounded by Death.

by [BornOfFire](#)

Summary

Two hours after being bitten by a zombie, Wilbur desperately tries to get as far away from Tommy as possible.

Notes

Hello! This is a prequel short-story to my main story called My Brother's Keeper! A zombie apocalypse AU where Wilbur is a zombie that Tommy can't seem to get rid of! If anyone reads this and hasn't read the main-story, here's a link! :D

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/34088638/chapters/84803830>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Wilbur ran.

His lungs felt like they were on fire. At this point he wasn't sure it was because of the poison coursing through his veins, or from the high exertion of just running.

Everything he'd done had all been for nothing.

Wil knew he didn't have much time left, but at least he had enough to get as far away from Tommy as possible.

'Can't let him find me. Need to keep running.' It was all the young man could tell himself. He has to protect Tommy.

He kept running until his energy gave way. Wilbur collapses onto his hands and knees, breathless and exhausted. Spots begin swimming in his vision. For a moment everything is spinning.

Everything burns.

When he tries to get back up, a coughing fit takes hold. No, why now? The undead will surely hear him.

Arms strained to pull himself back up, collapsing in a zombie infested city was never good. Infected or not. After barely getting back into a standing position, he coughed into his sleeve in an attempt to muffle the noise.

The infection was something that couldn't be easily described. To the young man, it felt like each pump of blood in his veins was bringing him closer to freezing. If it weren't for the remnants of adrenaline his body was still running on, he'd be desperately seeking warmth.

His body hurt, but again, adrenaline seemed to numb that thankfully. Or, perhaps it was still a bit too early for the pain to become excruciating? Wilbur doesn't know. All he's aware of is that most people who are turning are usually screaming in agony.

It chilled him to the bone knowing he'll have the same fate.

'I have to keep going.. can't stop until I'm there.' Wilbur pushed himself to run again. He just has to make it to that steel shed he found before. The one that can lock from the inside. He'll be too stupid to unlock it when he turns, so the only way he'll be escaping is if some fool tried to break it down.

Standing once more, albeit hunched over, Wil continued to cough. It's getting harder to hide them, and he pushes himself to keep moving. His muscles silently protest, yet his legs refuse to stop sprinting.

At this point, it could probably take another twenty minutes to reach the shed. The seconds feel impossibly long, but surely he has enough time to make it there.

After all, most people turn between 5-7 hours. A day if you're lucky. Two days if you're the luckiest.

Wilbur had been bitten two hours ago.

Five more minutes he spent running. Roughly fifteen minutes until he gets there. Fortunately for his agonized lungs, he stopped to give them a break.

Unfortunately it was because he'd accidentally ran into a group of zombies. The impact was hard, the corpse he'd slammed into fell to the ground. Internally he cursed and swore at himself for not stopping fast enough. Recoil from the hit had sent him on his back.

Instincts screamed at him to get back up.

Yet.

What's the point?

Wilbur didn't want to cry. He wasn't going to cry, but he'd made a fatal mistake. The group of zombies will surely kill him any second now. If he'd just made it to the shed, then he'd be somewhere safe and secure while he turns.

Now he'll die and reanimate on the streets. Come across other survivors and kill them too. His corpse being used to spread the very same thing that took his life. All he'll be able to hope for is that someone kind enough will put him down before he causes too much damage.

"T-Tommy.. I'm so sorry.." The dying man stared at the sky as the faces of the dead loomed over him. Their groans, horrible gurgling noises filled his ears as he braced for the end. Closing his eyes. Not wanting to see it coming when they start tearing into his flesh.

...

But nothing happened.

Wilbur lay there for about a minute before he opened his eyes. What he saw was both surprising and disturbing.

Pale bleeding faces simply stared down at him. Not moving, arms weren't reaching to grab or pull. They simply stood there, unmovingly.

It was also at that moment, when another terrible fit of coughs took over. No time to question, no time to react to the bizarre scene standing before him. An iron taste filled his mouth, and spilled from his lips.

No.

Oh god no.

Panic overtook the young man as his fears were realized. He'd only been bitten two hours ago. Wilbur shouldn't be coughing up blood yet.. no, no, *no!* This can't be happening! His

hand wiped away the blood from his mouth, his terrified eyes staring up at the ravenous creatures who merely tilted their heads.

Wilbur couldn't just wait to die in the street. Not with them *watching* him like that. Like he's some sort of spectacle, curiosity, or-

Or one of them.

Suddenly he sprang up with a new rush of adrenaline, charging off in his original direction and pushing through the crowd of undead. When he looked back, he saw that they didn't follow him, but they continued to stare hauntingly. Almost as if they knew that soon enough, he'd be just like them too.

So he kept running, sprinting even though everything in him begged him to stop. Wil had to keep going if that meant Tommy would never see him in the horrific state he'll inevitably end up in.

By the time Wilbur reached the shed, he could barely stand up straight. A mixture of physical exhaustion and weakness from the virus pulsing in his veins. The blood dripping from his face had gone from a crimson red to an almost tar-like black. No matter how hard he tried to contain it, the painful coughs would escape.

The dying man entered the shed, closed the door, and sat down. Waiting. Stopping for a moment's rest. He needed to breathe. He needed to think, but it was so hard.

It's getting so cold.

He's so tired..

Absent-mindedly, the young man rummaged through the pockets of his heavy trench coat. His fingers graced the top of something papery, and was surprised to see a family photograph.. it must've slipped out of his wallet, but managed to stay inside his pocket.

In the picture, it shows Wilbur, Tommy, Techno, and Phil all smiling together in ugly Christmas sweaters. It was the holiday photograph they'd taken two years prior. Back when things were.. okay.

During that brief period where the father had spent more time with everyone..

Why..

Why couldn't that have lasted?

Something cold and wet drips down his cheek, and for a moment the young man wonders if he's crying. With his mind growing addled, he rubs his eyes in confusion using his free hand.

It comes away *black*.

That's when Wilbur knew his time was almost up, and here he is staring at what used to be a comforting photo in his palm. Quickly stuffing it into his pocket as he tried to hold back cries

of pain.

The steady pain he'd been fighting back with the adrenaline was intensifying. With the fatigue and exhaustion there was nothing stopping it anymore. It seemed to hit him like a train, and it took every ounce of his strength not to scream. Even biting into his sleeve in an attempt to stifle it.

This wasn't how he wanted to die.

Alone, paranoid, heartbroken, in pain, and furious at the world for dooming himself and everyone else to such a fate.

It felt like his insides were on fire, and yet he was so cold. His limbs were resisting his attempts to move, and he felt so utterly helpless.

Though at the same time.. he *did it*. Didn't he? Wilbur made it to the shed. Tommy would be safe, and he'd never have to know. His little brother will most-likely think he abandoned him just like their father.. but at least he'd never have to see the monster his brother would become.

'Toms will be safe.. that's all I wanted.' The man knows he messed up. He could've tried harder to take care of Tommy. Instead of pushing him away in his bouts of paranoia.. he'll never forgive himself for that.

What really matters now is that Tommy won't be hurt by him. With that, Wil felt that he could pass in peace.

...

Except that never happened.

Wilbur's new-found peace was disturbed by the familiar sight of a blonde man in a green bucket hat, barging through the doors.

Instead of a calm, quiet demise. Wilbur Soot met his end, enraged and screaming.

End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this story! I tried my best with it! Though I also write most of it at 1:00 AM, so I'm sorry if it's not good! I'll try to fix any problems I find later if I see any! Anyway, hope you guys liked it! :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!